[Vol. 1] THE [No. 25.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 21, 1806.

SELECTED.

FROM THE LITERARY TABLET,

DISAPPOINTMENT.

MAN is a restless being. He is constantly grasping after wealth and power, vainly imagining that these constitute the basis of human felicity.—He thinks, that while in possession of worldly honor, he cannot but be happy. This is delusion. There is a small portion of pure happiness, enjoyed in this world. The most prosperous scenes of life, are not without alloy. Solomon partook of all the luxuries of the East. He sought for happiness in the enjoyment of worldly pleasures, but found they were not permanent, and declared, "that all was vanity." In the morning of life we anxiously look forward to scenes of future bliss. But when we arrive at manhood, cares and toils crowd on us in constant succession. The tender buds of hope are nipped by the killing frost of disappointment. The path which we supposed smooth and easy, is often obstructed by thorny hedges and ragged cliffs. The fanciful visions of youthful expectation are dissolved by the touch of real life. We find the world stored with fewer enjoyments than we imagined. How transitory the dearest possessions and purest joys this world can bestow! How often do we see fathers and mothers deprived of their tender offspring, or children left without parental aid. We often behold the eyes of a disconsolate husband, moistened with tears, for the loss of a beautiful and amiable wife. The groans of the afflicted widow often assail us. She mourns the loss of an affectionate husband whose arms can no longer afford her protection, and whose ear cannot listen to her plaintive strains. That breast, which contained the purest love and noblest sentiments, is mouldering to dust. What a solemn scene! Our friends moved to a land of darkness, and we left to prosecute our journey. Old age advances with rapid strides, attended with disease, destitute of enjoyment, the friends of our youth no more, and nothing remaining but for

death to end our sorrow. The king of terrors will not appear formidable if we are prepared for our exit.

In the grave there is rest. The mansions of the dead are peaceful, and the cares of life are at an end. Passion disturbs not, niether can ambition interrupt. The corroding hand of envy and the tongue of slander, trouble not the repose of the inhabitant of the tomb. The most profound silence reigns there. Yet it is instructive. It is eloquent. It teaches us to number our days and to apply our hearts to wisdom. MONITOR.

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From the Vermont Gazette.

"TALKS WHOLE NIGHTS AWAY."

Goldsmith.

There is in the world a class of honest, well-meaning people, who would be very agreeable in conversation, were the life of man of sufficient length, and time of so little importance, that we might stay to hear out the story. The good nature of these men precludes you from making any direct repulse at the out-set, and when once engaged, there is no release until hunger or disease break off the discourse.

One of these men lives in the town of W———. For the sake of distinction I shall call his name Sir John Foster. He has an income of about forty pounds a year, produced from a farm of about eighty acres. He is a little turned of sixty—has been a justice of the quorum ever since the revolution, and what is very extraordinary, he appears to wish no greater promotion. He very rarely leaves his own village, and when he does he rides unattended. His library consists of the Bible, (which by way of eminence, is called *The Book*)—this contains, written on the blank pages, the date of his marriage, and the birth of each child; a Psalter; a file of Connecticut News-papers; John Bunyan's Works; and the Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony. Sir John is very fond of his relations—a tweentieth cousin is welcome at his house for a year's visit. His good nature has become a proverb among his acquaintance, and his presence is always agreeable among the needy and distressed.

I once took lodgings at a little inn opposite Sir John's dwelling-house. My landlord was just giving me an account of his neighbor's oddities, and that he had been telling him a story by parcels for about four years; when on hearing a loud rap with a cane on the door, a boy from within cried out, *It is uncle John.* He came in, dressed in the fashions of 1780, and took the two-armed chair. He informed me without ceremony, that he had called to spend the evening with me, for he had heard that I was a neighbor to a Mr. R. who had done him a great piece of service. I welcomed him, and could do no less than to ask what piece of service my neighbor had done. My visitant, on this request, took his pipe from the third button-hole in his coat, set fire to the charge in it, and proceeded as follows:

"It was the latter part of January, 1781, old-style—I know it was January, for I remember a snow about that time. Your father, if he be now living, will recollect it perfectly. It was as much a town talk in Windham, in Connecticut, as the famous march of the frogs thro' that town, at the time of the old continental war; and I remember the talk about the frogs, as well as tho' it was yesterday. You cannot remember it, but have read it in the newsprint, I dare say. They plague old Windham about it to this day; but let them say what they will, Windham is a good town; it is not but a few years since there was a reformation there—one hundred and nineteen joined the church." To this I echoed, *Windham is a good town.* Sir John proceeded —"Well, as I said, it was in January, 1781—I think it was the 29th day; I well remember it was on Friday, for I remember my neighbors wondered at my entering into any new business on that day. Friday, in Connecticut, is reckoned an unlucky day. No man begins a great job on Friday. I have

known seven houses, two barns, and one mill, which were begun on Friday, burnt to ashes. At the time I am now speaking of, I lived on the farm my father bought of Capt S. before there was a blow struck on it. That farm was the best one I ever owned in my life. I should have been better off than I am now, had I continued there to this time. The price of that farm, in two years time, rose 200 pounds. The reason was, there was a turn-pike road laid by the door. But I don't like turn-pikes ; I had rather roads would be free. But as I said before, on the 29th of January, 1781, as near as I can recollect, a neighbor of mine, who is since dead—he died in '89, came into my house early in the morning. As soon as I saw him, I was convinced by his countenance, he was in some trouble. I do not pretend to tell others what a man thinks by his face, but I can always judge for myself. He staid near an hour, and then went away without saying any thing of consequence, or doing any errand. In the course of the forenoon he came in again, and I discovered that he had obtained no relief." I here took advantage of a pause Sir John made in his discourse, to ask him what he chose to drink ; he readily said, that once in a great while he liked a little toddy—On turning about to order some on the table, I perceived my landlord had fallen alseep.—I called him by name, but he did not awake. Sir John observed, it was no matter—he took half a glass of brandy before he came from home. As soon as Sir John pronounced the word *brandy*, my landlord started from his chair, and asked how much brandy we called for.—I soon informed him what was wanting.—Sir John drank to my health and without invitation resumed his story :—"Well, I discovered my neighbor had the same load on his mind. He was always cast down if he had any misfortunes. I have known him so dejected for whole weeks that he scarcely spoke one word to any person, not even to his family. I can always talk let the world go as it will. So I asked my neighbor to sit down, and began to enquire the news ; but I could hardly get one word from him. Now I am a little before my story. The 20th of January, 1781, I received a large sum of money from a man in Hartford, for grain and other produce I had stored with him. Wheat commanded a great price that year ; I think mine sold for seven shilings. My neighbor, I suppose, knew I had this money by me."——The clock now struck ten. My landlord was asleep ; and as for myself, I was so near it that I have no recollection of Sir John's story, tho' I am sure he kept talking. When the clock struck eleven, I recovered, and found him still laboring in the month of January, 1781. I now professed myself much indisposed, and fatigued with my journey ; and Sir John said he would see me again, and took his leave. While I was making ready to go to bed, I enquired of my landlord if he knew what Sir John's story would amount to, when the whole was told ?—He said, that "about twenty-five years ago, Sir John lent a sum of money to his neighbor, who afterwards ran away, and he would probably have lost it, had it not been for the assistance of my neighbor R. who had obtained the money for him very fortunately. I could not help making some reflections on the different methods of communication, used by Sir John and my landlord.

There has been a production on the subject of conversation lately publised, called Practical Philosophy. I am a little curious to know whether it treats of rules to converse with men of Sir John's description, or whether there is any thing in it that will correct his habit of conversation.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sir William Jones was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, and an excellent poet, to whose translations we are indebted for many beautiful effusions of the Persian muse. He died April 27, 1794, at the premature age of 48, endowed by nature with a mind of extraordinary vigour. Sir William, by an unwearied industry, aided by superior genius, succes-

sively explored the hidden sources of Oriental science and literature; and his attainments in this interesting branch of learning were such as to make him, far beyond all competition, the most eminent Oriental scholar in this or perhaps in any other age. In his public character, the labour he afforded in the dispatch of buisness, the clearness of discernment and his legal abilities well qualified him for one of the guardians of the laws and the rights of his fellow-citizens. As a scholar, his name is known wherever literature is cultivated. In private life he was companionable, mild, gentle, and amiable in his manners, and his conversation rich and energetic. In fine, in all the relations of public and private life, he was revered and beloved. Unlike many other eminent literary characters of the age, Sir William was a sincere and pious Christian, instead of labouring, by his writings to propagate the doctrines of infidelity, as has been the favorite practice with some modern philosophers of reputation, he was desirious to lend the scriptures his utmost support: and in one of his latest annual discourses to the Asiatic Society, he has done more to give validity to the Mosaic history of the Creation, than the researches of any cotemporary writer. The following Epitaph, written by, and for himself, is equally admirable for its truth and its elegance:

"Here was deposited
the mortal part of a man
who feared God but not Death;
and maintained independence,
but sought not riches;
who thought none below him
but the base and unjust;
none above him but the wise and virtuous;
who loved his parents, kindred, friends,
and country:
and having devoted his life to their services
and the improvement of his mind
resigned it calmly,
giving glory to his Creator,
wishing peace on earth,
and good will to all his creatures,
on the ——— day of ———
in the year of our Blessed Redeemer, ——

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OF LATIN INSCRIPTIONS.

KOTZEBUE.

The most ludicrous particular relative to the many thousands of inscriptions at Naples, is, that they are all in Latin. I am well aware, that it is likewise customary in other countries to record in Latin what is intended for the eye of posterity, as though people were apprehensive lest the national language should be lost; but to me this appears perfectly ridiculous. Did the Romans compose inscriptions in Greek, or the Greeks in the language of Egypt? Should we not laugh at a man who should address every person he met in Latin? and does not such a stone supply the place of the prince by whom the action was performed? This senseless custom is not to be forgiven even in the middle ages though in those days every man of rank and ed-

ucation understood Latin ; but it is utterly unpardonable now, when among a hundred well-educated and in other respects accomplished men, ninety understand not a syllable of that language, and the other ten have scarcely retained a few words of what they had acquired at school. A Latin inscription is now composed merely for half-a-dozen literati by profession, who reside in the city, and pass it perhaps once a year. Nobody now writes Latin, and nobody speaks it : that language has ceased to be the universal language ; it has resigned the sceptre to its daughter the French, and it would now be more rational to compose all inscriptions in the latter. I say *more* rational, but rational it would not be ; for whatever a nation has to say to posterity, were it even the nation of the Calmucs, should be said in its own language ; that the common people, as well as the men of learning, may be made acquainted with the remarkable events that have taken place in their native country or the benefactors whom they ought to revere. If an inscription is intended solely for the instruction of the people, it is the highest degree of folly to write it in a foreign, dead language. Among other things of this kind, there is at Naples, I believe in the place called the Little Melo, a pyramid, erected on the execrated spot where the populace planted the tree of liberty. On the four sides are seen medallions, which are good likenesses of the king, the queen, the hereditary prince, and the princess-royal : under each of which is a long Latin inscription, demonstrating to the people the impiety of revolutions, and how necessary it is that only one person should reign. Of all this the honest Neapolitans understand not a single syllable ; and for the few who do understand them, these inscriptions were not written. The present generation is indeed acquainted with the occasion of erecting this pyramid, which is not likely to be forgotten by them : on the contrary, the next will not interest themselves about it ; and should circumstances again occur, in which such a warning might produce some effect at least on individuals, it is just as wise as to send a cryer to address the people in Hebrew. What a powerful influence might not be exercised on the morals of a nation, by short pertinent inscriptions, composed in the language of the country ! How admirable was the idea of that Greek who engraved on all the figures of Hermes in the public roads, sentences which every traveller read as he passed by, which by degrees he learned by heart and repeated at home to his children, till they were converted into proverbs ! The usual objection made to modern, languages is, that they are not suited to the style of the lapidary, and that they do not admit of such brevity of expression as the Latin. Were this even true, yet the principal object should be not to make an inscription concise, but to render it intelligible to every one. The position, however, is not proved ; and many instances might be produced to contradict it.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

LEISURE.

Hail, source of happiness and joy,
Thou sweet refreshment from employ !
  Thou valuable treasure !
Alas, my pen, and genius too,
Faulter when'er I try to shew
  The dear delights of leisure.

But let them faulter ; still I'll raise
To thee my warmest, highest praise,
  Thou constant source of pleasure,
Whene'er I take my saunt'ring walk,
Or with a friend in chit-chat talk,
  In the sweet hour of leisure.

Not that I ever would possess
One fav'ring thought tow'rds idleness;
I hate it without measure;
But yet I cherish with my heart,
And would to heav'n I ne'er could part
From constant, busy leisure.

Accept this humble eulogy,
Sweet goddess, which I give to thee
With reverence and pleasure;
And be assur'd, that if my pen
And genius will not fail again,
I'll better praise thee, Leisure.

SEMIRUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

WRITTEN ON SUNDAY MORNING.

BY SOUTHEY.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer!
I to the Woodlands wind and there
In lovely Nature see the God of Love.
The swelling organ's peal
Wakes not my soul to zeal
Like the wild music of the wind-swept grove.
The gorgeous altar and the mystic vest
Rouse not such ardour in my breast
As when the noon-tide beam
Flash'd from the broken stream,
Quick vibrates on the dazzled sight;
Or where the cloud suspended rain
Sweeps in shadows o'er the the plain;
Or when reclining on the cliff's huge height
I mark the billows burst in silver light.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer!
I to the Woodlands shall repair,
Feed with all Nature's charms mine eyes,
And hear all Nature's melodies.
The primrose bank shall there dispense
Faint fragrance to the awaken'd sense;
The morning beams that life and joy impart,
Shall with their influence warm my heart,
And the full tear that down my cheek will steal,
Shall speak the prayer of praise I feel!

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer!
I to the Woodlands bend my way
And meet Religion there.
She needs not haunt the high arch'd dome to pray
Where storied windows dim the doubtful day:
With Liberty she loves to rove,
Wide o'er the heathy hill or cowslip'd dale;
Or seek the shelter of the embowering grove,
Or with the streamlet wind along the vale.

Sweet are these scenes to her; and when the night
Pours in the north her silver streams of light,
She woos Reflection in the silent gloom,
And ponders on the world to come.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FRENCH COUNSELLOR.

A thief was one day discovered in the great chamber, (a court of justice in Paris,) stealing a purse. The court allowed the knave a counsellor to defend him. The Advocate went up stairs to him, and taking him aside, "Is it true," said he, "that you stole the purse of somebody now in court?" "It is very true, Sir, (replied the thief, but—" "hold your tongue," said the lawyer, "the best council I can give you is, to scamper away as fast as possible," The thief took the hint, and ran down the staircase. The counsellor returning into court the president asked what he had to say in defence of his client? "Gentlemen," replied he, "the poor wretch confessed his crime to me; and as he was not guarded by any one, and I was appointed his council I thought fit to advise him to *run away*. He did not hesitate, but vanished in an instant."

TRIFLING.

Paridise was lost to Adam, the world to Anthony, innocence to women, and honour to men, by *trifling*.

EPISTOLARY.

The ensuing, copied from the Farmer's Cabinet, is a complete burlesque on the vulgar mode of epistolary writing.

This opportunity I take
To write to you to let you know
That I am well; and, for your sake,
I hope these lines will find you so.

Through God's kind care, prais'd be his name,
This precious blessing I enjoy;
And may he still vouchsafe the same
Till life's last hour, without alloy.

Your letter I received last night,
And read the same with pleasure vast;
It gave me such profound delight,
As set my heart to beating fast.

'Tis long since I have seen your face,
And absence fills my heart with pain;
Ah! must I run through life's sad race,
And ne'er set eyes on you again!

News is so scarce, I've none to tell,
Except, (which sure must give you joy),
That all our friends are wond'rous well,
And aunt Jemima's got a boy.

I can at present write no more;
So must conclude for want of breath;
Remaining still, as heretofore,
Yonr loving uncle's son till death.

DEMETRIUS OF MACEDON.

This monarch would at times retire from business to attend to pleasure. On such an occasion he usually feigned indisposion. His father, Antigonus, coming to visit him, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. On entering, Demetrius said, "Sir, the fever has now left me. "Very like, son," says Antigonus, "*perhaps I met it at the door.*"

ZENO ON LOVE

Zeno being told that love was unbecoming a philosopher: If this were true, replied Zeno, the fate of the fair sex would be lamentable, not to be loved but by fools.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SALEM, JUNE 14—21, 1806.

"To note the passing tidings of the times."

16. A total Eclipse of the Sun was visible and arrested very general observation. The atmosphere was unusually clear and not a cloud to be seen. The darkness came on very suddenly, and to such a degree, that the countenances of persons well known could not be discerned at twelve or fourteen feet distance in the streets. The continuance of the darkness was about four minutes and a half. During this time the edge of the moon's surface was tinged with a brilliant radiance. From twelve to fifteen stars of the first and second magnitudes, in the Constellations near the Zenith, were plainly to be seen. Venus was visible for a considerable time before and after the total darkness.

17. The latest European accounts mention an approaching war between Spain and Portugal, and that 50,000 French troops were on their march to assist in the quarrel—That the return of the French troops from Germany was not only suspended, but that Marshal Lefebvre's corps of 20,000, which had crossed to the left bank of the Rhine, had recrossed, and advanced to Darmstadt.—*Gazette.*

18. *Miranda's Expedition.*—Capt. Smith, in a short passage from Trinidad, arrived at New-York, informs, that Admiral Cochrane, on that station, had dispatched a frigate and a tender on the coast of Caraccas, to assure Miranda of every assistance in his power to give. Previous to Capt. S's sailing, the tender returned to Trinidad—on which the Lilly sloop of war immediately sailed to join the frigate. The tidings by the tender were a secret.—No accounts had been received at Trinidad of the capture of Miranda's schooners.

20. A newspaper has been received in New-York, printed at Cape-Francois, of the 22nd of May, which contains a letter from Gen. Kirkland (who went out with Miranda as a Colonel) written to his friend at Hayti, and desiring him to shew it immediately to Dessalines. This letter is dated at Cumana, April 19th, and informs that Miranda had made a successful landing—had taken St. Margaretta, Barcelona, and Cumana, that the inhabitants were flocking to his standard in great numbers, and that the troops had actually began their march for Carraccas, full of the highest confidence. Miranda was hailed with enthusiasm by all ranks of people as their deliverer.—The editor of the New-York Evening Post conjectures that a mistake in the date of the letter has been made, as intelligence could be conveyed from Cumana to Hayti in three, or at most four, days.

This Day Published, and for Sale at this Office—Price 20 cents,

A SERMON,

Preached before the Massachusetts Missionary Society, at their Annual Meeting in Boston, May 27, 1806.—*By Joseph Barker, A. M. Pastor of the First Church in Middleborough.*

Text—"God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him."

Salem, June 14.

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